

SCENE 1

COLLUM NATIONAL FOREST, NORTHWEST OREGON

(A woman runs through the forest, grunting as she trips and stumbles over logs and rocks. She is wearing a nightgown and runs through the foliage. She falls over a tree root and stumbles into a small clearing. A loud roaring starts and the wind grows stronger. She looks up to see a light growing, shining through the trees. A silhouette steps out of the light, walking towards her. The leaves around her begin swirling up in a circle, like they are in the center of a tornado. The figure stands over her as the light engulfs them both. Morning. The girl is face-down on the ground, dead. Officials walk around, murmuring to each other. The assistant coroners lean over the body as coroner John Truitt and Detective Miles walk over to the body.)

JOHN TRUITT: I put the time of death between eight and twelve hours ago. No visible cause, no sign of battery or sexual assault. All we have is this.

(He pulls up the back of her nightgown to reveal two small bumps on her lower back. Miles looks at them.)

MILES: Can we turn her over?

(They do so. Miles stands.)

Karen Swenson.

ASSISTANT CORONER: Is that a positive ID?

DETECTIVE MILES: She went to school with my son.

(He walks away as Truitt stands.)

JOHN TRUITT: Would that be the class of '89, detective? It's happening again isn't it?

(Miles keeps walking.)

SCENE 2

FBI HEADQUARTERS; WASHINGTON, D.C.

(Agent Dana Scully walks up the stairs and around to a desk where a woman sits.)

SCULLY: Agent Dana Scully.

(She continues through a group of offices and down a hallway. Reaching the door to Section Chief Blevins' office, she knocks.)

SCOTT BLEVINS: Come in.

(Scully walks in and sees Blevins sitting at his desk.)

Agent Scully, thank you for coming on such short notice. Please...

(He motions for her to sit down, which she does. A man smoking a cigarette leans against a file cabinet. He walks around to behind Blevins and leans against the wall. Another man sits next to Blevins.)

We see you've been with us just over two years.

SCULLY: Yes, sir.

SCOTT BLEVINS: You went to medical school but you chose not to practice. How'd you come to work for the F.B.I.?

SCULLY: Well, sir, I was recruited out of medical school. Um, my parents still think it was an act of rebellion, but, uh... I saw the F.B.I. as a place where I could distinguish myself.

THIRD MAN: Are you familiar with an agent named Fox BLACK MULDER?

SCULLY: Yes, I am.

(Blevins and the man look at each other.)

THIRD MAN: How so?

SCULLY: By reputation. He's an Oxford educated Psychologist, who wrote a monograph on serial killers and the occult, that helped to catch Monty Props in 1988. Generally thought of as the best analyst in the violent crimes section. He had a nickname at the academy... Spooky BLACK MULDER.

(She smiles at the Cigarette-Smoking Man, who gives no response.)

SCOTT BLEVINS: What I'll also tell you is that Agent BLACK MULDER has developed a consuming devotion to an unassigned project outside the bureau mainstream. Are you familiar with the so-called "X-Files?"

SCULLY: I believe they have to do with unexplained phenomena.

SCOTT BLEVINS: More or less. The reason you're here, Agent Scully, is we want you to assist BLACK MULDER on these X-Files. You will write field reports on your activities, along with your observations on the validity of the work.

(The Cigarette-Smoking Man stubs out his cigarette.)

SCULLY: Am I to understand that you want me to debunk the X-Files project, sir?

SCOTT BLEVINS: Agent Scully, we trust you'll make the proper scientific analysis. You'll want to contact Agent BLACK MULDER shortly. We look forward to seeing your reports.

(The elevator rings and the door slides open. Scully steps out into the basement and comes to an office secluded in the back. She knocks on the door.)

BLACK MULDER: Sorry, nobody down here but the FBI's most unwanted.

(She opens the door to see Agent Fox BLACK MULDER sitting at his desk, going over some slides. Walking slowly to him, she sees various pictures of UFO's and a poster that reads "I Want to Believe" with a UFO on it. He looks at her.)

SCULLY: Agent BLACK MULDER. I'm Dana Scully, I've been assigned to work with you.

(He shakes her hand.)

BLACK MULDER: Oh, isn't it nice to be suddenly so highly regarded? So, who did you tick off to get stuck with this detail, Scully?

SCULLY: Actually, I'm looking forward to working with you. I've heard a lot about you.

BLACK MULDER: Oh, really? I was under the impression... that you were sent to spy on me.

(He smiles.)

SCULLY: If you have any doubt about my qualifications or credentials, th...

(He stands and takes out a paper from a pile with his telephone as a paperweight.)

BLACK MULDER: You're a medical doctor, you teach at the academy. You did your undergraduate degree in physics.

(He takes off his glasses and looks at the paper.)

"Einstein's Twin Paradox, A New Interpretation. Dana Scully Senior Thesis." Now that's a credential, rewriting Einstein.

SCULLY: Did you bother to read it?

BLACK MULDER: I did. I liked it.

(He takes a slide canister and puts it into the slide projector.)

It's just that in most of my work, the laws of physics rarely seems to apply.

(He walks past her and turns off the lights. She glares at him slightly.)

Maybe I can get your medical opinion on this, though.

(He presses a button on the control and a slide comes up on the viewscreen of Karen Swenson, face-up.)

Oregon female, age twenty-one, no explainable cause of death. Autopsy shows nothing. Zip.

(He changes the slide to that of the two bumps on her back.)

There are, however, these two distinct marks on her lower back. Doctor Scully, can you ID these marks?

SCULLY: Needle punctures, maybe. An animal bite. Electrocution of some kind.

(She walks up to the viewscreen. He changes the slide to that of a molecular diagram.)

BLACK MULDER: How's your chemistry? This is the substance found in the surrounding tissue.

SCULLY: It's organic. I don't know, is it some kind of synthetic protein?

BLACK MULDER: Beats me, I've never seen it before either.

(The next slide is of a boy face-down on railroad tracks, his shirt lifted in the back.)

But here it is again in Sturgis, South Dakota.

(The final slide is of a close-up of another set of bumps.)

And again in Shamrock, Texas.

SCULLY: Do you have a theory?

BLACK MULDER: I have plenty of theories.

(He walks over to her.)

Maybe what you can explain to me is why it's bureau policy to label these cases as "unexplained phenomenon" and ignore them. Do you believe in the existence of extraterrestrials?

(He whispers the last few words eerily and she smiles.)

SCULLY: Logically, I would have to say "no."

(He nods, having expected that answer.)

Given the distances needed to travel from the far reaches of space, the energy requirements would exceed a spacecraft's capabilities th...

BLACK MULDER: Coventional wisdom. You know this Oregon female? She's the fourth person in her graduating class to die under mysterious circumstances. Now, when convention and science offer us no answers, might we not finally turn to the fantastic as a plausibility?

SCULLY: The girl obviously died of something. If it was natural causes, it's plausible that there was something missed in the post-mortem. If she was murdered, it's plausible there was a sloppy investigation. What I find fantastic is any notion that there are answers beyond the realm of science. The answers are there. You just have to know where to look.

BLACK MULDER: That's why they put the "I" in "F.B.I." See you tomorrow morning, Scully, bright and early.

(He walks back over to his desk and sits down.)

We leave for the very plausible state of Oregon at eight A.M.

(She smiles and walks out.)

SCENE 3

AIRPLANE TO OREGON

(The drink cart passes BLACK MULDER, who is lying down across a row of seats, sleeping, headphones in his ears. Scully is sitting nearby, wearing glasses and flipping through newspaper clippings of the dead teenagers. People are murmuring in the back, but the sounds of their voices are covered by the jet engines. Scully focuses on the name "Dr. Nemman." The overhead loudspeakers rings.)

PILOT: I would like to ask all passengers to fasten their seatbelts, as we're about to make our descent...

(Scully starts putting her things away when the plane starts shaking violently. People scream and things are tossed about as Scully grabs on to her seat. She looks at BLACK MULDER, who is awake now but still lying down in the seats passively. The plane finally is brought under control and she sighs in relief. He turns over and looks at her.)

BLACK MULDER: This must be the place.

SCENE 4

BELLEFLEUR, OREGON

(Driving down a long road, they pass a sign that reads "Welcome to Bellefleur, Oregon." Scully is reading the files and BLACK MULDER is eating sunflower seeds while driving.)

SCULLY: You didn't mention yesterday, this case has already been investigated.

BLACK MULDER: Yeah, the FBI got involved after the first three deaths when local authorities failed to turn up any evidence. Our boys came out here, spent a week, enjoyed the local salmon which, with a little lemon twist, is just to die for, if you'll pardon the expression. Without explanation, they were called back in. The case was reclassified and buried in the X-Files, till I dug it up last week.

SCULLY: And you found something they didn't.

BLACK MULDER: Mmm. (as if to say "yes.")

SCULLY: The autopsy reports of the first three victims, show no unidentified marks or tissue samples. But those reports were signed by a different medical examiner than the latest victim.

BLACK MULDER: That's pretty good, Scully.

SCULLY: Better than you expected or better than you hoped?

BLACK MULDER: Well... I'll let you know when we get past the easy part.

(She laughs.)

SCULLY: Is the medical examiner a suspect?

BLACK MULDER: We won't know that until we do a little gravedigging. I've arranged to exhume one of the other victims' bodies to see if we can get a tissue sample to match the girl's. You're not squeamish about that kind of thing, are ya?

SCULLY: I don't know. I've never had the pleasure.

(The radio starts flipping through channels rapidly, various sounds blaring. As BLACK MULDER tries to adjust it, the clock starts changing as well. The radio becomes a high-pitched screeching and Scully covers her ears. BLACK MULDER looks up to the sky.)

What's going on?

(BLACK MULDER pulls the car over to the side of the road and turns it off. He and Scully both get out. BLACK MULDER goes to the trunk, moves a briefcase, pulls out a can of pink spray paint, and walks over to where the occurrence began. As Scully watches in wonder, he marks a giant "X" on the ground, then tosses the spray paint can back into his trunk. He moves the briefcase back on top of the can and closes the trunk.)

What the hell was that about?

BLACK MULDER: Oh, you know... probably nothing.

(He gets back in the car.)

SCENE 5

COASTAL NORTHWEST OREGON; MARCH 7, 1992

(After driving through town, the agents arrive at the cemetery. Getting out, they see a number of men standing around, along with a crane. John Truitt and his assistant walk over to BLACK MULDER and Scully.)

JOHN TRUITT: Mister BLACK MULDER, John Truitt, County Coroner's Office.

BLACK MULDER: Yeah, hi.

(They shake hands.)

This is Agent Scully.

SCULLY: Hi.

(She and Truitt shake hands.)

BLACK MULDER: How soon can we get started?

(Scully and the assistant shake hands as well.)

SCULLY: Hello.

JOHN TRUITT: We're ready to go.

BLACK MULDER: Oh great.

JOHN TRUITT: Okay, Vinnie!

(The crane starts up as the four walk up the hill.)

BLACK MULDER: Were you able to arrange for a, uh... an examination facility?

JOHN TRUITT: I think we got something for you...

(A man and his teenage daughter pull up to the site.)

JAY NEMMAN: Excuse me!

BLACK MULDER: Ah...

(They turn around and look at the man.)

JAY NEMMAN: Excuse me!

(He starts towards them angrily but turns around and moves his daughter back to the passenger's side.)

No. Please stay in the car... let me handle this. I just want to talk to them.

(The girl gets into the car. The man walks over to the four officials.)

I just don't know who you people think you are. You just think you can come up here, and do whatever you damn well please, don't you?

BLACK MULDER: I'm sorry, you are...

JAY NEMMAN: I'm Doctor Jay Nemman. I'm county medical examiner.

BLACK MULDER: Surely, you must have been informed of our intentions to come up here.

JAY NEMMAN: No, uh, no. We've been away.

BLACK MULDER: Oh, oh. Well, that answers the question that we had. Why you hadn't done the recent autopsy on Karen Swenson. You're aware of the tissue sample that was taken from the girl's body.

JAY NEMMAN: Wha... wha... what is the insinuation here? Are you saying that I missed something in those other kids' exams?

SCULLY: We're not insinuating anything, sir.

JAY NEMMAN: Wait a minute.

(The group turns back, but Nemman grabs BLACK MULDER's arm and spins him around.)

Wait a minute, see, well I think you are. And if you're making an accusation, then you'd better have something to back it up.

(His daughter gets out of the car.)

THERESA NEMMAN: Daddy, please, let's just go home.

(Jay motions for Theresa to wait.)

Let's go home, please.

(Nemman glares at BLACK MULDER, then gets back in the car and drives off.)

BLACK MULDER: Guy obviously needed a longer vacation.

(They start back up the hill. They reach the gravesite and the crane starts scooping out the dirt above the coffin. Scully is reading from the file loudly because the crane's whirring is very loud.)

SCULLY: Ray Soames was the third victim. After graduating high school, he spent time in a state mental hospital treated for post-adolescent schizophrenia.

BLACK MULDER: Soames actually confessed to the first two murders. He pleaded to be locked up but he couldn't produce any evidence that he committed the crimes. Did you happen to read the cause of death?

SCULLY: Exposure. His body was found in the woods after escaping the hospital.

BLACK MULDER: Missing for only seven hours in July. How does a twenty-year-old boy die of exposure on a warm summers night in Oregon, Doctor Scully?

WORKER: I got it.

(Two men help pull out the coffin as it is being lifted out by a harness. Suddenly, one of the straps breaks and the coffin starts rolling down the hill.)

Look out!

(As it hits the ground, the people jump, startled. They run down to the coffin as it crashes up against a tombstone, stopping it. The coffin has been broken open. BLACK MULDER goes to open it but Truitt grabs his arm.)

JOHN TRUITT: This isn't official procedure.

BLACK MULDER: Really?

(BLACK MULDER opens it anyway and sees a desecated, mummified grayish body lying in the coffin. While it is unclear exactly what this was, it is definitely not human. The arms are very long and the body is thin as well. The agents and workers gasp and cover their mouths, nauseous. BLACK MULDER stands and looks at Scully, who is kneeling.)

It's probably a safe bet Ray Soames never made the varsity basketball team.

(He turns to Truitt.)

Seal this up, right now! Nobody sees or touches this. Nobody!
(Truitt slams the lid shut.)

SCENE 6
10:56 P.M.

(Scully is dressed in her doctor's garb as Soames is laid out on the table.
BLACK MULDER is taking pictures with a flashbulb.)

BLACK MULDER: This is amazing, Scully. You know what this could mean? It's almost too big to even comprehend.

SCULLY: Subject is a hundred and fifty-six centimeters in length, weighing fifty-two pounds in extremis. Corpse is in advance stages of decay and desiccation. Distinguishing features include large ocular cavities, oblate cranium... indicates subject is not human. Could you point that flash away from me, please?

(BLACK MULDER puts the camera away.)

BLACK MULDER: If it's not human, what is it?

SCULLY: It's mammalian. My guess is it's a chimpanzee or something from the ape family, possibly an orangutan.

BLACK MULDER: Buried in the city cemetery in Ray Soames' grave? Try telling that to the good townsfolk or to Ray Soames' family. I want tissue samples and x-rays. I'd like blood type and toxicology and a full genetic work-up.

SCULLY: You're serious?

BLACK MULDER: What we can't do here, we'll order to go.

SCULLY: You don't honestly believe this is some kind of an extraterrestrial? This is somebody's sick joke.

BLACK MULDER: We can do those x-rays here, can't we? Is there any reason we can't do them right now? I'm not crazy, Scully. I have the same doubts you do.

SCENE 7

SCULLY'S HOTEL ROOM

(The time is 4:37. Scully is typing on her laptop while listening to a recording she made earlier. There is an x-ray of Soames' head with the nasal cavity circled taped to the lamp.)

SCULLY ON TAPE RECORDER: Official laboratory inspection of the body and x-ray analysis confirms homologous but possibly mutated mammalian physiology. However, does not account for small unidentified object found in subject's nasal cavity. A grey metallic implant form...

(She stops the tape and picks up a small tube containing a gray metallic object. There is a knock on the door.)

SCULLY: Who is it?

BLACK MULDER: Steven Spielberg.

(She smiles and opens the door. BLACK MULDER leans up against the doorway in jogging clothes and wearing a baseball cap backwards.)

I'm way too wired. I'm going for a run, you want to come?

SCULLY: Pass.

BLACK MULDER: You figure out what that little thing up Ray Soames' nose is yet?

SCULLY: No...

(She yawns.)

And I'm not losing any sleep over it. Good night.

(She closes the door and looks at the x-ray.)

SCENE 8

RAYMON COUNTY; STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

(BLACK MULDER, Scully and Doctor Glass are walking outside the building.)

GLASS: Ray Soames was a patient of mine, yes. I oversaw his treatment for just over a year for clinical schizophrenia. Ray had an inability to grasp reality. He seemed to suffer from some kind of post-traumatic stress.

BLACK MULDER: Is that something you've seen before?

GLASS: I've treated similar cases.

SCULLY: Were any of those Ray Soames' classmates?

GLASS: Yes.

BLACK MULDER: We're trying to find a connection in these deaths. Did you treat any of these kids with hypnosis?

GLASS: No, I did not.

SCULLY: Are you treating any of these kids now?

GLASS: Currently? Yes, I'm treating Billy Miles and Peggy O'Dell. Both have been long term live-in patients.

(They stop walking.)

SCULLY: They're here at this hospital?

GLASS: That's right, going on four years now.

SCULLY: Would it be possible for us to talk to them?

GLASS: Well, you might find it difficult. Certainly, in Billy Miles' case.

(Billy Miles lays on his hospital bed very still. His eyes are open but there is no sign of life except for the pulse read-out on the monitor. The three walk in. Peggy O'Dell sits in her wheelchair next to Billy. A nurse is changing the sheets on the adjacent bed.)

GLASS: Billy's experiencing what we call a waking coma. Functionally, his brainwaves are flat and he's persistent vegetative.

SCULLY: How did it happen?

GLASS: Both he and Peggy were involved in an automobile accident out on State road.

(He looks over to Peggy.)

Peggy?

PEGGY O'DELL: "...aerial..."

(She stops reading.)

Peggy, we have some visitors, would you like to talk with them for a moment?

PEGGY O'DELL: Billy wants me to read now. "It's not sand, it's dark..."

(BLACK MULDER kneels down in front of her.)

BLACK MULDER: Does he like it when you read to him?

PEGGY O'DELL: Yes. Billy needs me close.

(BLACK MULDER walks back over to the doctor.)

BLACK MULDER: Doctor. I'm wondering if we can do a cursory medical exam on Peggy.

(She throws the book down, tips over the food tray, and starts wheeling around.)

NURSE: Peggy? Oh, Peggy, what are you doing?

GLASS: Get an orderly.

(Nurses and Doctor Glass go to her. She grabs her nose and starts screaming.)

BLACK MULDER: No one is going to hurt you!

(She moves her hand away from her nose and it is covered with blood, as well as her face. She falls forward off the chair and onto the floor.)

GLASS: This is an emergency. Get an orderly, get an orderly. Nobody is going to hurt you. The nurse is here.

(BLACK MULDER takes the opportunity to lift up the back of Peggy's shirt. She has the bumps. BLACK MULDER looks at Scully, who looks back in shock.)

NURSE: I'm ringing for the orderlies now.

PEGGY O'DELL: Stop it! Stop!

DR. GLASS: All right, Peggy. All right. It's all right.

NURSE: Peggy, honey, you're going to be fine. You've had these nose bleedings before, now calm down. Don't worry...

(Scully walks out angrily. BLACK MULDER walks down the stairs quickly after her.)

BLACK MULDER: What's his name, er... Billy said he was sorry he didn't get to say goodbye.

SCULLY: How did you know that girl was going to have the marks?

BLACK MULDER: I don't know, lucky guess?

SCULLY: Damn it, BLACK MULDER, cut the crap. What is going on here? What do you know about those marks? What are they?

BLACK MULDER: Why? So you can put it down in your little report? I don't think you're ready for what I think.

(They stop walking.)

SCULLY: I'm here to solve this case, BLACK MULDER, I want the truth.

BLACK MULDER: The truth? I think those kids have been abducted.

SCULLY: By who?

BLACK MULDER: By what.

SCULLY: You don't really believe that?

BLACK MULDER: Do you have a better explanation?

SCULLY: I'll buy that girl is suffering some kind of pronounced psychosis. Whether it's organic or the result of those marks, I can't say. But to say that they've been riding around in flying saucers, it's crazy, BLACK MULDER, there is nothing to support that.

BLACK MULDER: Nothing scientific, you mean.

SCULLY: There has got to be an explanation. You've got four victims. All of them died in or near the woods. They found Karen Swenson's body in the forest in her pajamas, ten miles from her house. How did she get there? What were those kids doing out there in the forest?

SCENE 9

COLLUM NATIONAL FOREST, NORTHWEST OREGON

(Scully and BLACK MULDER walk through the forest, carrying flashlights. They both are no longer in suits, now wearing jackets and pants. BLACK MULDER signals to Scully and they split up. BLACK MULDER looks at his compass, which is spinning wildly. Scully, in the clearing, bends down and picks up some strange dirt on the ground. A large rumbling begins.)

SCULLY: BLACK MULDER?

(The rumbling grows louder. She stands and takes out her gun. Walking back, she sees a light shining through the trees.)

BLACK MULDER, is that you? BLACK MULDER?

(A silhouette from out of the light comes towards her. The man lifts up his shotgun and Scully points her weapon at the man.)

Special Agent Dana Scully, FBI, drop your weapon.

(Detective Miles steps into the light.)

MILES: I'm with the County Sheriff's Department. You're trespassing on private property here.

SCULLY: We are conducting an investigation.

(BLACK MULDER walks up and points his gun as well.)

MILES: Get in your car and leave, both of you, or I'll have to arrest you. I don't care who you are.

BLACK MULDER: Hold on! This is a crime scene.

MILES: Did you hear what I said? You are on private property without legal permission. Now, I'm only going to say it one more time, get in your car and leave.

(BLACK MULDER and Scully lower their flashlights and weapons. They walk out past the yellow tape and pass a truck with huge searchlights on them that created the light. They get into their car and drive off.)

BLACK MULDER: What's he doing out here all by himself?

SCULLY: Maybe it has something to do with this.

(She holds out a handful of dirt. He turns on the carlight.)

What do you think it is?

BLACK MULDER: I don't know. Is it a campfire?

SCULLY: It was all over the ground. I think something is going on out here, some kind of a sacrifice, maybe. What if these kids are involved in some kind of occult and that man knows something about it?

(BLACK MULDER takes out his compass and looks at it. It is acting very strangely.)

I wanna come back here.

(BLACK MULDER looks at his watch, which reads 9:03. He looks down at the compass again.)

You okay, BLACK MULDER?

BLACK MULDER: Yeah, I'm just, er...

(He starts looking up through the windshield.)

SCULLY: What are you looking for?

(There is a loud roar and a light engulfs them. Time seems to stop just for a second. When the light fades, the car slowly comes to a stop, having no power. BLACK MULDER tries to restart the car, but it will not go.)

What happened?

BLACK MULDER: We lost power, brakes, steering, everything.

(He looks at his watch.)

We lost nine minutes.

(He gets out of the car and screams into the sky. Scully gets out. They scream over the rain to each other as they talk.)

SCULLY: We lost what?

BLACK MULDER: Nine minutes. I looked at my watch just before the flash and it was nine-o-three. It just turned nine-thirteen.

(He starts running down the road.)

Look! Look!

(They stop at the pink "X" that BLACK MULDER marked in the road, only a few feet from the car.)

Oh-ho, yes! Abductees... people who have made UFO sightings, they've reported unexplained time loss.

SCULLY: Come on.

BLACK MULDER: Gone! Just like that.

SCULLY: No, what a minute. You're saying that, that time disappeared. Time can't just disappear, it's, it's, it's a universal invariant!

(The car starts up and the headlights shine on them. BLACK MULDER smiles.)

BLACK MULDER: Not in this zipcode.

(He runs back over to the car. Scully looks down at the "X" and follows.)

SCENE 10

SCULLY'S HOTEL ROOM

(Scully is typing on her laptop. We hear her voice over the scene. As she types,

it reads:

"Agent BLACK MULDER's insistence of time loss due to unknown forces cannot be validated or substantiated by this witness"

She continues typing. A thunderclap rings out and the power goes out.)

SCULLY: Great.

(She goes into her bathroom, carrying a candle and wearing a bathrobe. She starts running a bath and takes off her robe, revealing only a bra and underwear. She goes to slip off her underwear when she feels something. Two bumps on her lower back.)

SCENE 11

BLACK MULDER'S HOTEL ROOM

(BLACK MULDER, carrying a candle, opens the door to see Scully standing in her bathrobe, shaken.)

BLACK MULDER: Hi.

SCULLY: I want you to look at something.

BLACK MULDER: Come on in.

(Scully walks in, turns around and slips off her robe. She is still wearing only a bra and underwear. She looks back at him, then down to her lower back. BLACK MULDER sees a few bumps.)

SCULLY: What are they?

(BLACK MULDER starts to smile.)

BLACK MULDER, what are they?

BLACK MULDER: Mosquito bites.

SCULLY: Are you sure?

BLACK MULDER: Yeah. I got eaten up a lot myself out there.

(She gasps in relief, slips her robe on and hugs BLACK MULDER for a long time.)

You okay?

SCULLY: Yes.

(She pulls away from the hug.)

BLACK MULDER: You're shaking.

SCULLY: I need to sit down.

(She sits down. He sits down in a seat across from her.)

BLACK MULDER: Take your time.

(Later, Scully is laying on the bed and BLACK MULDER sits in front of it on the floor.)

I was twelve when it happened. My sister was eight. She just disappeared out of her bed one night. Just gone, vanished. No note, no phone calls, no evidence of anything.

SCULLY: You never found her.

BLACK MULDER: Tore the family apart. No one would talk about it. There were no facts to confirm, nothing to offer any hope.

SCULLY: What did you do?

BLACK MULDER: Eventually, I went off to school in England, I came back, got recruited by the bureau. Seems I had a natural aptitude for applying behavioural models to criminal cases.

(Outside, a man in a raincoat shuffles through the bushes.)

My success allowed me a certain freedom to pursue my own interests. And that's when I came across the X-Files.

(He turns to face her.)

SCULLY: By accident?

BLACK MULDER: At first, it looked like a garbage dump for UFO sightings, alien abduction reports, the kind of stuff that most people laugh at as being ridiculous. But I was fascinated. I read all the cases I could get my hands on, hundreds of them. I read everything I could about paranormal phenomenon, about the occult and...

(He sighs and drifts off into thought.)

SCULLY: What?

BLACK MULDER: There's classified government information I've been trying to access, but someone has been blocking my attempts to get at it.

SCULLY: Who? I don't understand.

(She sits up a little.)

BLACK MULDER: Someone at a higher level of power. The only reason I've been allowed to continue with my work is because I've made connections in congress.

SCULLY: And they're afraid of what? That, that you'll leak this information?

BLACK MULDER: You're a part of that agenda, you know that.

SCULLY: I'm not a part of any agenda. You've got to trust me. I'm here just like you, to solve this.

(He moves closer, kneeling.)

BLACK MULDER: I'm telling you this, Scully, because you need to know, because of what you've seen. In my research, I've worked very closely with a man named Dr. Heitz Werber and he's taken me through deep regression hypnosis. I've been able to go into my own repressed memories to the night my sister disappeared. I can recall a bright light outside and a presence in the room. I was paralyzed, unable to respond to my sister's calls for help.

(He moves even closer, talking louder.)

Listen to me, Scully, this thing exists.

SCULLY: But how do you know...

BLACK MULDER: The government knows about it, and I got to know what they're protecting. Nothing else matters to me, and this is as close as I've ever gotten to it.

(The phone rings, startling Scully. BLACK MULDER picks up.)

Hello? What? Who is this? Who is thi...

(He hangs up.)

That was some woman... she just said Peggy O'Dell was dead.

SCULLY: The girl in the wheelchair?

SCENE 12
RURAL HIGHWAY 133

BELLEFEUR, OREGON

(A mack truck sits in the road, ambulances and police cars surrounding it. People stand outside talking.)

MAN #1: Yeah, I'll bring it over in a minute.

(A sheriff lights a flare and puts it down in the road to ward off traffic. BLACK MULDER and Scully pull up.)

MAN #2: We're going to need a couple of more hours, Bob.

(BLACK MULDER walks over to a deputy and the driver.)

BLACK MULDER: What happened?

TRUCK DRIVER: She ran right out in front of me.

DEPUTY: Who are you?

BLACK MULDER: She was running? On foot?

(The county coroner pulls up and Scully uncovers Peggy's face. Her neck is in a brace, and she is very bloody. There are tubes in her nose. Scully looks at Peggy's watch, which has stopped and reads 9:03. Scully walks over to BLACK MULDER and the deputy. BLACK MULDER is very ornery.)

Well, that's just...

SCULLY: We need to ask you a few quest...

BLACK MULDER: Let's go, let's go.

(She looks at him and he leads her to the car.)

Someone trashed the autopsy bay in the lab and they stole the body, we're going back to the motel.

SCULLY: What? They stole the corpse?

SCENE 13

HOTEL

(Scully and BLACK MULDER pull up and run out of the car. Police and firemen are all around. BLACK MULDER runs over to a deputy and shows him his badge.)

BLACK MULDER: F.B.I.

(They stop and look at the hotel, which is ablaze.)

SCULLY: There goes my computer.

BLACK MULDER: Damn it! The x-rays and pictures!

(Firemen run around, one climbing a ladder.)

FIREMAN: We need a couple of men out here!

(BLACK MULDER closes his eyes, frustrated and angry. Theresa Nemman steps out of the crowd and over to the agents.)

THERESA NEMMAN: My name is Theresa Nemman. You've got to protect me.

BLACK MULDER: Come with us.

SCENE 14

DINER

(Scully sits next to Theresa in a booth. BLACK MULDER sits across from them.)

THERESA NEMMAN: This is the way it happens, I don't know how I get out there. I'll just find myself out in the woods.

BLACK MULDER: How long has it been happening?

THERESA NEMMAN: Ever since the summer we graduated. It's happened to my friends too. That's why I need you to protect me. I'm scared I might... die like the others, like... Peggy did tonight.

BLACK MULDER: Your father's the medical examiner. You were the one on the phone, you told me Peggy O'Dell had been killed.

(Theresa nods.)

SCULLY: Theresa, your father knows about this, doesn't he? About what happened.

THERESA NEMMAN: Yes. But he said never to tell anyone about any of it.

BLACK MULDER: Why?

THERESA NEMMAN: He wants to protect me. He thinks he can protect me, but I don't think he can.

BLACK MULDER: Do you have the marks, Theresa?

THERESA NEMMAN: Yes. I'm going to die, aren't I? I'm gonna be next?

SCULLY: No, you're not going to die.

(Blood pours out of Theresa's left nostril.)

Oh, God!

(Scully runs over to the adjacent table and gets some napkins. Before she can give them to Theresa, she notices Nemman and Miles walk in.)

JAY NEMMAN: Let's go home, Theresa. Theresa, come on.

(He pushes BLACK MULDER out of the way and sits down next to Theresa. He puts a handkerchief to her nose.)

Come on, honey.

BLACK MULDER: I don't think she wants to leave.

JAY NEMMAN: Come on...

(Nemman looks at BLACK MULDER.)

I don't care what you think! She's a sick girl.

MILES: Your father wants to take you home. He'll get you all cleaned up.

JAY NEMMAN: I'm going to take you where you'll be safe, Theresa. Detective Miles and I won't let anything happen to you, I promise.

(BLACK MULDER looks at Miles in shock.)

BLACK MULDER: You're Billy Miles' father?

DETECTIVE MILES: That's right. And you stay away from that boy.

(Outside, Theresa looks at BLACK MULDER and Scully from the back seat of Nemman's van. The windows roll up and they drive away. BLACK MULDER and Scully watch them go.)

BLACK MULDER: Eh, you gotta love this place. Everyday's like Halloween.

SCULLY: They know BLACK MULDER. They know who's responsible for the murders.

BLACK MULDER: They know something.

(They start walking to the car.)

SCULLY: Dr. Nemman's been hiding medical evidence from the beginning. He

lied on the autopsy reports and now we find out about the detective. Who else would have reason to trash the lab and our rooms?

(They stop.)

BLACK MULDER: Why would they destroy evidence? What would they want with that corpse?

SCULLY: I don't know, I...

BLACK MULDER: Makes you wonder what's in those other two graves.

SCENE 15

CEMETARY; 5:07

(As the rain pours down, BLACK MULDER and Scully, carrying flashlights, walk into the cemetery to find that the other two graves have been unearthed and are empty.)

BLACK MULDER: They're both empty.

SCULLY: What is going on here?

BLACK MULDER: I think I know who did it. I think I know who killed Karen Swenson.

SCULLY: Who? The detective?

BLACK MULDER: The detective's son. Billy Miles.

SCULLY: The boy in the hospital? The vegetable?! Billy Miles, a boy who's been in a coma for the last four years, got out here and dug up these graves?

BLACK MULDER: Peggy O'Dell was bound to a wheelchair but she ran in front of that truck. Look, I'm not making this up, it all fits the profile of alien abduction.

SCULLY: This fits a profile?

BLACK MULDER: Yes. Peggy O'Dell was killed at around nine-o'clock, that's right around the time we lost nine minutes on the highway, I think that something happened in that nine minutes. I think that time, as we know it, stopped. And something took control over it.

(She smiles, almost laughing.)

You think I'm crazy.

(She nods and he walks away a little. Her face becomes grimmer. He looks back at her and notices that something is bothering her.)

What?

SCULLY: Peggy O'Dell's watch stopped a couple of minutes after nine. I made a note of it when I saw the body.

BLACK MULDER: That's the reason the kids come to the forest, because the forest controls them and summons them there. And, and, and the marks are from, from some kind of test that's being done on them. And, and that may be causing some kind of genetic mutation which would explain the body that we dug up.

SCULLY: And the force summoned Theresa Nemman's body into the woods tonight.

BLACK MULDER: Yes, but it was Billy Miles who took her there, summoned by some alien impulse. That's it!

(Scully laughs, finding everything ludicrous but believing it. BLACK MULDER smiles.)

Come on, let's get out of here.

SCULLY: Where are we going?

BLACK MULDER: We're going to pay a visit to Billy Miles.

(They start walking back.)

SCENE 16

RAYMON COUNTY; STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

(BLACK MULDER talks to the nurse while Scully looks at Billy's fingers.)

NURSE: Now, we could stand here until the second coming, waiting for Billy to get out of this bed. It ain't going to happen. He blinks and I know about it.

(She starts changing his IV.)

BLACK MULDER: I guess you changed his bedpan last night.

NURSE: Hmm, nobody else here's gonna do it.

BLACK MULDER: You noticed nothing unusual? Do you remember what you

were doing last night around nine-o-clock?

NURSE: Mmm, probably watching TV, yeah.

BLACK MULDER: Do you rememeber what you were watching?

NURSE: Um, let's see... you know I don't really remember what I watched.

(Scully goes over to Billy's feet and lifts the covers up.)

Miss?

(Scully starts inspecting Miles' feet.)

What is she looking for?

SCULLY: BLACK MULDER, take a look at this.

(BLACK MULDER looks at it and Scully opens up an evidence vial. She starts scraping off some of the strange dirt into the vial. BLACK MULDER looks back at the nurse.)

BLACK MULDER: Do you know who was taking care of Peggy O'Dell last night?

NURSE: Not me, it's not my ward. Not my aisle of the produce section.

(She laughs. BLACK MULDER humors her by laughing slightly.)

I do have a job of my own to do... what is she doing now?

(Scully closes up the vial.)

BLACK MULDER: Thank you for your time, ma'am.

NURSE: Okay.

BLACK MULDER: Good day.

(BLACK MULDER leads Scully out. Once outside the room, Scully walks rapidly, excited.)

SCULLY: That kid may have killed Peggy O'Dell, I don't believe this.

BLACK MULDER: Scully...

SCULLY: It's crazy! He was in the woods.

BLACK MULDER: You're sure?

(She holds up the vial in a baggie.)

SCULLY: This is the same stuff that I took a handful of in the forest.

BLACK MULDER: Okay, then maybe we should take it and run a lab test...

SCULLY: We lost the original sample in the fire. What else could it be?

(They stop.)

BLACK MULDER: All right, but I just want you to understand what it is you're saying.

SCULLY: You said it yourself.

BLACK MULDER: Yeah, but you have to write it down in your report.

(Scully calms down.)

SCULLY: You're right. We'll take another sample from the forest... and run a comparison before we do anything.

SCENE 17

COLLUM NATIONAL FOREST, NORTHWEST OREGON

(They pull up to the forest and see Miles' van. BLACK MULDER shines his flashlight in the front seat. It is empty.)

SCULLY: The detective's here. What do you think?

(A woman's scream rings out. BLACK MULDER and Scully start running through the forest. They split up, running through foliage, searching for the girl. Out of nowhere, Miles hits Scully on the head with the butt of his gun. She falls and looks up at Miles.)

MILES: You wouldn't listen to me. I told you to stay out of this.

(He runs off as she struggles to get up. BLACK MULDER stops and hears another scream, then starts running to his left. He nearly trips over a root and sees Miles standing in front of him, cocking his shotgun.)

Hold it, hold it right there! You got no business out here.

BLACK MULDER: There were screams...

MILES: Down on the ground. Now!

BLACK MULDER: You know it's Billy. You've known it all along.

MILES: I said down on the ground.

(BLACK MULDER kneels.)

BLACK MULDER: How long are you gonna let it happen?

(The woman screams again.)

He's gonna kill her!

(Miles looks towards the screams, then runs off. He sees Billy lifting up Theresa's shoulders. The wind is growing and the leaves are swirling around them.)

MILES: Billy, no! Let her go! Leave her alone!

(Billy looks at him, then goes back to lifting her up. Miles points his shotgun and BLACK MULDER tackles him. A shot rings out. Scully, holding her head, hears the shot and runs in the direction of it. BLACK MULDER and Miles watch on the ground as Billy takes Theresa in his arms and looks up. BLACK MULDER notices the two welts on Billy's back. The wind grows stronger and a light encompasses them. BLACK MULDER and Miles stand, looking at the light. Scully looks from a distance as the light grows. The light and wind die down and there is a thunderclap. Billy stands there, Theresa on the ground. She looks at him and he looks at his father.)

BILLY MILES: Dad?

MILES: Billy. Oh, god.

(They hug. BLACK MULDER sees that the bumps are gone. BLACK MULDER realizes that his partner is missing.)

BLACK MULDER: Scully.

(He picks up his flashlight and starts running. They meet halfway.)

Scully!

SCULLY: BLACK MULDER, what happened? There was a light.

BLACK MULDER: It was incredible.

(They both gasp for air, BLACK MULDER smiling slightly.)

SCENE 18

MARCH 22, 1992

FBI HEADQUARTERS; WASHINGTON, D.C.

(Doctor Heitz Werber sits across from Billy.)

HEITZ WERBER: If you can hear me, raise your right hand.

(Billy does so slowly.)

Tell me about the light, Billy. When did you first see the light?

BILLY MILES: In the forest. We were all in the forest having a party. All my friends. We were celebrating.

HEITZ WERBER: What were you celebrating?

BILLY MILES: Graduation. And then the light came. It took me away to the testing place.

(BLACK MULDER is off to the side, watching. His reflection can be seen in the mirror.)

They would tell me to gather the others so that they could do tests. They put something in my head... here.

(He puts his hand on his head where his nasal cavity is. On the other side of the mirror, Scott Blevins, the Cigarette-Smoking Man, the third man from before, and Scully are watching.)

I would wait for their orders.

HEITZ WERBER: Billy, who gave the orders?

BILLY MILES: The light. They said it would be okay. No one would know. But the test didn't work. They wanted everything destroyed. They said they were leaving. I'm afraid. I'm afraid they're coming back.

(Billy starts crying. The Cigarette-Smoking Man whispers in Blevins' ear.)

HEITZ WERBER: Don't be afraid Billy, we're gonna help.

SCOTT BLEVINS: All right, let's go.

(As they all start to file out, BLACK MULDER looks at the mirror directly at Scully. Scully looks at him, knowing that he cannot see her, then leaves.)

SCENE 19

SECTION CHIEF BLEVINS' OFFICE; FBI HEADQUARTERS; WASHINGTON, D.C.

(Blevins is seated at his desk and the third man is seated next to the right of

him. Scully is sitting across from Blevins.)

SCOTT BLEVINS: What we've just witnessed, what we've read in your field reports... the scientific basis and credibility just seem wholly unsupportable, you're aware of that?

SCULLY: Yes, sir. My reports are personal and subjective. I don't think I've gone so far as to draw any conclusion about what I've seen.

THIRD MAN: Or haven't seen, as seems to be the case. This, uh... time loss... you did or did not experience it?

SCULLY: I can't substantiate it, no.

SCOTT BLEVINS: What exactly can you substantiate, Agent Scully? I see no evidence that justifies the legitimacy of these investigations.

SCULLY: There were, of course, crimes committed.

SCOTT BLEVINS: Yes, but how do you prosecute a case like this? With testimony given under hypnosis from a boy who claims that he was given orders from some alien force through an implant in his nose? You have no physical evidence.

(Scully stands and puts down the vial with the nasal cavity implant on Blevins' desk.)

SCULLY: This is the object described by Billy Miles as a communication device. I removed it from the exumed body.

(Blevins looks at it.)

I kept it in my pocket, it was the only piece of evidence not destroyed in the fire. I ran a lab test on it, the material could not be identified.

SCOTT BLEVINS: Agent BLACK MULDER, what are his thoughts?

SCULLY: Agent BLACK MULDER believes we are not alone.

SCOTT BLEVINS: Thank you, Agent Scully, that will be all.

(Scully leaves the office as she walks down the hallway, she passes the Cigarette-Smoking Man. She watches him go into Blevins' office, then starts walking.)

SCULLY'S APARTMENT

(Scully lays in bed, eyes wide open, unable to sleep. The time is 11:21. It changes to 11:22. The phone rings and Scully picks up.)

SCULLY: Hello?

BLACK MULDER: Scully? It's me, I haven't been able to sleep. I talked to the D.A.'s office in Raymon County, Oregon. There's no case file on Billy Miles. The paperwork we filed is gone. We need to talk, Scully.

SCULLY: Y, yes. Tomorrow.

(She hangs up slowly, then grows a little tenser as she lays down.)

SCENE 21

HIDDEN ROOM

(The Cigarette-Smoking Man walks down a long hallway. On either side of him are rows upon rows of shelves containing brown boxes. He comes up to one and pulls out a casing holding many of the same kind of vials that were in the abductees. He takes out the one from Ray Soames' body and puts it in the casing with the rest of them. Putting the casing back, he walks down the rest of the hallway, comes to the door and walks out. Closing the door, he then runs his keycard through it's sensor. The sign on the door reads:

"In Case Of Fire Or Emergency

Know Your Exits

PENTAGON

Evacuation Procedure"

There is a map of the Pentagon next to it. The Cigarette-Smoking Man walks away.)

[THE END]